

THE QUIVER

Saturday, July 2, 1870.



"He has done something wrong, but not this!" cried Nelly, sinking on her knees.—p. 611.

TWO YEARS.

A TALE OF TO-DAY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—DISINHERITED.

IT was rather a relief to Harry to have the bank-book handed to him. There was nothing amiss there, so far as he knew. He took it and scanned the page presented to him, the eyes of both Mr. Simmins and his father resting upon him as he did so. When he came to the entry his countenance, which had been undisturbed before, suddenly changed.

"You did not give this bill?" he said, looking up.

"Certainly not," replied his father, handing the paper to him.

Harry looked at it for a moment. "This is frightful!" he said.

"Do you know how it came there?"

"No. It is a forgery, of course."

"Oh! Mr. Harry, I thought you might know something about it, as—" and Mr. Simmins paused.

"As I have had one or two bill transactions with Mr. Jobson," said the young man, boldly.

"I did not say you had," rejoined Mr. Simmins.

"I say it," returned Harry; "but I know nothing of this."

Once more he looked closely at the signature, and the writer of it stood clear to him.

"Perhaps Mr. Simmins had better leave the room," said Harry.

"I think not," replied his father; "Mr. Simmins is here at my request."

"I ought to have an opportunity of clearing myself," said Mr. Simmins.

"No one has made any charge against you," said Harry, a little contemptuously.

Mr. Palmer waved his hand impatiently.

"You have had one or two transactions of the sort, I think I heard you say," he said, addressing his son; "may I ask when?"

"Quite recently," replied Harry.

"And for what amounts?" asked Mr. Palmer, as if he had been dealing with some dry detail of business.

"The total amount which I have settled is £700."

"And are there any unsettled? Perhaps this belongs to you."

"No; there remains no other claim against me. I have nothing to do with this."

"But, Mr. Harry," broke in Mr. Simmins.

"When I have done, Mr. Simmins, if you please," said Harry; "my conduct requires some explanation."

His father bowed scornfully.

"It requires some explanation," he continued, and he gave a short account of the way in which he came to accept the first bill, and from that to the whole history of his dealings with Mr. Jobson, down to his appropriation of money to meet the bills.

His father listened in stern silence.

"I felt sure," Harry went on, "that if I could have spoken to you at the time, as I fully intended, you would have freed me from my unfortunate engagement to such a man as Jobson. You may be certain that I will never err on the same score again."

"I will take care of that," replied Mr. Palmer; "and you can give me no explanation of this further sum?"

"None; only my suspicion."

"Now, Mr. Simmins, you may go."

Mr. Simmins began to protest his innocence.

"You are not accused," said Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Simmins felt obliged to withdraw, and Mr. Palmer had not said a word as to the merits of the transaction which had come before him.

When the door had closed upon Mr. Simmins, Mr. Palmer pointed to an old-fashioned brass-bound desk which stood in the room, surmounting a chest of drawers. He took the key from the pocket of his dressing-gown, and, handing it to Harry, said, "I will trouble you to open the desk and give me the bundle of papers which you will find uppermost."

Harry did as he was bidden. He opened the old desk, which had a lingering savour about it of past sweetness—a sort of memory of perfume, perhaps from the bundle of yellow letters tied up with faded blue ribbon, which occupied one of the pigeon-holes inside. Harry knew whose they were, though he had never seen them; and he knew that in the little drawer underneath there lay a lock of bright brown hair, longer than any other tress that he had ever seen; he had only seen it once—when he was a very little lad indeed. His father had most likely forgotten the incident. He had uncoiled the tress and matched it against the child's head as he stood at his knee. There came into Harry's mind, as he took the papers that lay uppermost, that little scene in his early childhood; it came into his mind and softened his heart. He would have liked to kiss that lock of his dead mother's hair.

He came back to the old man's chair and put the papers into his hands. Had Mr. Palmer looked into the young man's face then, he would have forborne the step he was about to take. It bent over him with almost womanly tenderness. But Mr. Palmer was an egotist, and so he was entirely occupied with the wrongs he had suffered, to the complete exclusion of every other feeling.

Harry was on the point of speaking the concern he felt, but his father's next words sealed his lips. He could not leave room for a suspicion of interested motive in the acknowledgment of error which he was about to make.

Mr. Palmer took the freshest-looking paper of the bundle and opened it out. It was the draft of a deed containing the terms of partnership between him and Harry. It had not been formally signed. He handed it to his son.

"When you have looked at this you will be good enough to put it in the fire," he said.

Harry looked at the paper, which he had read before, and pressing his lips close together and flushing hotly, he held it in the fire till it was consumed.

"That we will consider cancelled," said Mr. Palmer.

"As you please," returned Harry, proudly.

Mr. Palmer drew forth another and older-looking deed on parchment.

"That, also, you will be good enough to burn."

It was his will; the endorsement was legible on the back of it.

Harry proceeded to obey him without looking at its contents.

"You may read it," said his father.

"I have no desire to do so," replied the young man, though in a tone as little offensive as possible.

"Now, you will remember," said the old man, sternly, "that you are no longer a son of mine, and that I never wish to see your face again."

"Be it so," said Harry. "The money I have borrowed I will endeavour to repay. I hope you acquit me of anything worse than trusting to your liberality."

"I acquit you of nothing," cried his father, wrathfully; and Harry, seeing that further words would be wasted, turned to leave the room.

The old man half rose in his chair.

"But your wife," he cried; "she shall stay here if she chooses."

"I shall find a home for her," said Harry, proudly.

"You are tired of her already," cried his father.

"In that you are mistaken," he replied.

"She is not happy; your neglect is breaking her heart," returned the old man, sinking again into his chair.

Harry was about to speak once more, but, with an imperious wave of the hand, his father put an end to the conference, and he left the room without another word.

Snow had fallen in the night, and though it had lost its original purity, and was riddled with soot-specks, it lay on the walks of the little garden untrodden and white. The laurels were heavy with it, lining their dark, hollow leaves. The stone vases were brimmed with it; it made the house, the high walls, and every surrounding object look blacker and gloomier than ever by the contrast with its white splendour.

Harry came out from his father's presence, and strode to the bottom of the garden. He remembered the summer sunset among the hollyhocks, as he took one or two turns along the walk by the side of which they had reared their gay, flaunting blossoms.

As he turned and looked towards the house he was going to leave perhaps for ever, Nelly sat at the window, looking out pensively. "She is not happy," rang in his ears; "why should I take her with me, to be more unhappy still perhaps? If she thinks herself neglected now, what will it be in the desperate struggle I shall have to make? I shall be freer to act without her, and freer to move. She will stay here contentedly enough till I send for her. I will emigrate, and as soon as I have paid up the money she shall come to me. We shall be happy enough then, I dare say, though I wish she would be a little more lively. Ah, well! I am not good enough for

her, that's what it is; but I shall win her back—I am man enough, surely, to win my own wife;" and he gave himself a shake, as if throwing off his supineness, and quickened his pace as he returned to the house.

Nelly had been sitting sewing; and looking up from time to time, she watched her husband's movements with anxiety. She shrank back as he drew near, and clasped her hands together in a kind of despair. Her hands were getting woefully white and thin now—whiter and thinner than when she over-worked and half-starved herself for her mother's and sister's sake.

A few minutes after, the door opened, and, instead of Harry, Anne entered the room. She had been sent to summon Nelly into the presence of her father-in-law. There seemed nothing strange or unusual in the summons, which she obeyed so quickly and quietly that the old man was startled by her presence at his side. He held out his hand for hers.

"Nelly," he said, "are you going to leave me?"

"Going to leave you!" she echoed faintly.

"Yes, with him—with your husband."

She looked bewildered.

"I have no son now; he has betrayed the trust I reposed in him. He has robbed me, and counted on my death to hide his robbery," he said, in a voice of suppressed passion.

"What has he done?" cried Nelly, terror-stricken.

"I cannot believe that he can have been so wicked as you say."

"It is true, he returned, in a calmer and sadder tone, "though it is hard to believe—hard to believe, that, after all my kindness, he—my own son—should rob me, and choose the time to rob me when I lay, to all appearance, dying."

"Oh, there must be some cruel mistake! He has done something wrong, but not this!" cried Nelly, sinking on her knees by Mr. Palmer's side.

"Ask him. He has acknowledged the greater part of it—been forced to acknowledge it," said the old man, bitterly. "I shall never see his face again."

"Oh, do not say that. You will forgive him, whatever wrong he has done," she pleaded.

"And be wronged the more," he answered. "No, Nelly, let him go; I have done with him. And I have sent for you to ask you to give him up."

"No—no, I cannot!" she cried; "he may have done wrong, but I cannot give him up."

"He is going away."

"Where?—now?" She rose to her feet.

"Stay," said Mr. Palmer. "He" (and he emphasised the word)—"he is never in a hurry. I regret the part I took in bringing you two together. Harry Palmer is my own son, but he is unworthy of you. I have cast him off for ever; but you have done no wrong, and I would not have you suffer. Stay here, and be as one of my daughters. You shall share equally with them."

"I cannot listen; I cannot stay with you," she said. "I must go to him."

"Well—well," he answered, "I cannot detain you against your will; so good-bye."

"Will you not see me again?"

"Not if you come from him; you would be sure to plead for him. I do not wish even to hear his name."

He was silent; his head bowed on his breast, and Nelly whispered, "Good-bye," and glided from the room.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DESERTED.

WHEN Nelly entered the little sitting-room again, her husband was there, evidently waiting for her. He had come to tell her all; she could see it in his face, and a gleam of hope and welcome lighted up her own.

"Nelly!" he cried, advancing towards her, and laying his hand on her shoulder—"Nelly, I am going away."

"I know," she said faintly.

"Yes, I am going to leave you—that is, if you will let me go without you. I am going to try my fortune in another country, and I would like to leave you in safety here."

"Oh no—no!" cried Nelly. "Take me with you."

It was her first impulse.

"Very well, if you wish it you shall go," he said; but Nelly saw that his countenance changed.

"I shall have many difficulties to contend with at first," he added.

Nelly was on the point of crying, "Let me share them with you—let me help you over them," but she checked herself. Perhaps he did not want her to go with him, did not love her enough to let her share his hardships, as he did not allow her to share his thoughts. "Whatever is best for you Harry, I will do," she answered instead.

He was unreasonably disappointed, he thought she would have needed a little urging, a little remonstrance, to reconcile her to staying where she was, instead of accompanying him. She had needed none.

A little sulkily, he told her what had been the tenor of his thoughts, as he paced up and down the garden, and Nelly was glad that she had not more urgently expressed her wish to go with him, since he so evidently thought that she would impede his movements.

"You have seen my father," he said.

"Yes, and he seems inexorable. Oh! Harry, what is it that you have done?" she asked.

He told her very briefly and baldly, and without even so much extenuation as the case admitted.

"Surely in time, when he has cooled, he will forgive you," she said. "He cannot mean to be so harsh."

"There is one thing you must promise me," he

said; "it is, that you will not interfere on my behalf. You must never mention my name to him under any circumstances."

Nelly shrank from the promise. Her good sense told her that all such unconditional promises are a burden and a snare. "Leave me to act on my own judgment, Harry," she pleaded, "I shall be guided by your wish in the matter all the same."

But Harry insisted. "No, you must promise," he said; "it is the last thing I will ask of you for some time to come."

"I promise, then," she said mournfully.

"You will be safe and comfortable here," he went on.

"Safe and comfortable!" cried Nelly, roused, and with a flash of indignation in her eyes. "Do you think I care so much for comfort and safety then?"

"Well—well," he replied soothingly, "I shall be more comfortable, then, to know that you are here while I am knocking about the world. And now we must set about considering how I am to get away at once."

"To-day?" cried Nelly. "Oh! Harry, surely not to-day!"

"Why not?" he replied. "The sooner the better. The sooner I go, the sooner we shall meet again, little one."

He was all alacrity. She moved as one stunned and in pain.

"I want to get off this afternoon—not to sleep another night under this roof," he said.

"But the house was given over to us, Harry."

"It is his all the same," he answered impatiently, "and I must be out of it this very day. Will you help me, Nelly, without more ado?"

She rose to help him, conquering a faintness which almost overpowered her, and they left the room together.

"I want my things put up first," he said; and she proceeded to get them together out of drawers and wardrobe, while Harry brought a large travelling bag and portmanteau. He had not been much of a traveller, so these were all he could muster in the shape of baggage.

"What shall I put up?" asked Nelly.

"Everything," he replied.

"You are going a long journey."

"Across the Atlantic," he answered.

She turned away to hide the working of her face. What did it matter, after all, where he was going? People may sit side by side and be as far apart as that.

When Nelly had done handing Harry the various articles with which he crammed his portmanteau and travelling bag to bursting, there was a pause. She had begged leave to do the packing, which she would doubtless have accomplished with far greater neatness, as well as economy of space, but he would not allow her, and truth to tell, she could hardly see

what she was doing, for the blinding tears which she strove to hide.

The portmanteau and the bag were crammed, and still there remained a heap of things which would be necessary, nay, indispensable for the voyage. Harry was naturally extravagant, and his belongings had accumulated to a decent outfit. Under Nelly's care they were all in order, only stowage was wanted. Nelly offered her box, a large and strong one, which had been part of her outfit, and in turning out its contents, she came upon the gilt-clasped Prayer-book she had used on their marriage morning, and in which she had deposited the Bank of England notes presented to her by her father-in-law.

This she put on one side till the box was filled, and then kneeling down before he closed it, she laid it on the top of the things and said, "See, I have put this in here to be a token of remembrance. You will look into it and think of me."

"I shall not need anything to remind me of you, Nelly," he interrupted hastily. "And you will think of me, sometimes." He seated himself on the box, drew her down beside him, and put his arm round her.

She hid her face on his shoulder and could not answer for her tears.

"Hush! little one, I'm not worth so much grief—besides, it's only for a little while. I'll send for you as soon as ever I can. I mean to work for you, Nelly, and make you twice as much my own."

There was comfort in the words, and still more in the tone in which they were uttered. After that there was silence in the room for a little. Harry was the first to break it. "I did not think parting was so hard," he said. The passions which had been stirring him were stilled under the influence of a softer emotion, and he had begun to feel the seriousness of the step he was taking—the severance from all the ties of home—the casting himself upon his own slender resources. Time and space assumed their true proportions. Absence and distance, what might they not bring forth, of fear and sorrow, of danger and of death?

"Come, Nelly, this will never do," he said again. "You must help me yet. Get me a Bradshaw and see if I can reach Liverpool this afternoon."

Nelly rose and proceeded to ring for a servant and send for the book. It was not in the house, and it would be some time before it could be procured. Harry felt that he could not wait. Anything but that. He therefore ordered a cab to be fetched instead. Nelly's heart sank within her as she heard the order. "You shall come with me," he said. "Let us be together as long as we can. What time there is to spare we can spend at the station hotel. Yes, that is best. Go and get ready."

"I can be ready in a few minutes," she replied. "And your sisters, you will say good-bye to them," she added.

"I would rather you did it for me," he answered.

"No, Harry, you must not leave the house in this way; you must not steal out of it like a——"

"Thief," he concluded the sentence for her. "You are right; I'll see them and say good-bye. Will you ask them to come to me?"

The sisters came at Nelly's bidding. She had told them that Harry was going away because he and his father had quarrelled.

Patricia, a grave and sorrow-stricken woman, too sorrow-stricken for amazement at this fresh calamity, had come from her father's room. She had seen that the old man had been agitated, and that he was exhausted, but he had said nothing. She looked at her brother with her great sad eyes, without indignation, and without pity, and said simply, "You are going away."

Nelly had left them alone. "Yes," he answered. "It is best. My father thinks I have robbed him while reckoning on his death. I mean to pay back his money to the uttermost farthing, before he or any of you see my face again. But for his illness there would have been no question of this kind between us. Some one has robbed him, however, and, Patricia, it is quite clear to me who."

"Horace?" she said, outwardly calm even in uttering his name.

Harry nodded.

"And you lie under the imputation?" she asked.

"I fear I must. I have not been blameless," he replied.

"What have you done?" she inquired.

"What I have done I have done openly, and with the help of others. I have used a considerable sum of money belonging to the business. Mr. Simmins has my note of hand for it; but the other affair is worse than that."

"Worse!" exclaimed Patricia.

"Yes, a forgery."

"And he thinks you guilty of that?"

"From the way he has acted towards me, yes."

"And you are not guilty?"

"Patricia!"

"My faith has been shaken. Still I will believe you."

"I am as innocent as you are."

"Then justice must be done."

"It cannot without a public exposure, from which you would shrink."

"I shall shrink from nothing," she answered.

Anne came in now, begging to be allowed to go and plead with her father; but Harry would not suffer it. While they were disputing the point Nelly re-entered timidly, with a thick veil over her tear-stained face. The cab was at the door. The last farewells were spoken hurriedly, and Harry had only time to whisper, pointing to Nelly as she entered the cab before him, "Be good to her when I am away."

(To be continued)

WORDS IN SEASON.

THE HEALING OF THE WATERS.—II.

BY THE REV. CANON BATEMAN, M.A., VICAR OF MARGATE.

III.—THE CRUSE AND SALT.



WHEN once God's people have "remembered themselves, and turned unto the Lord;" when they have confessed him openly before men, as their Saviour; when they have taken up their cross and followed him—then, as their Prophet, Priest, and King, he watches over, guides, guards, and controls them. By his loving correction, he makes them great. They may dwell in a pleasant place like Jericho—a city of God, and beautiful for situation. They may have quiet days, peaceable habitations, a conscience at rest, freedom from condemnation, a good hope through grace, a mansion prepared above, a title perfect, and a meekness growing. All would be well *but for the water*. The sediment is there still. The infection of nature remains, so that they cannot do the things that they would. Vigilance after "one hour" relaxes. The eyes get heavy. Prayer grows faint. The Bible loses its good savour. The heart becomes cold. External matters may apparently remain the same, but internal decay is going on. The lamp is burning and the oil holds out, but the virgin is slumbering and sleeping; and by-and-by, if all things remain as they are, there will be a terrible awakening. This must not be: and hence God's voice is heard—God's discipline is felt. Troublous times come on. The idol falls, the nest is shaken, riches make unto themselves wings and fly away: and now is heard the "mourning of the dove," now are the days "cut off in the midst," now is the "face turned to the wall," now is the "soul oppressed." It is all discipline; God's loving correction making his people great!

The child is trusting and resting on the parent with confiding love, looking for guidance and counsel in years to come, nestling in a bosom full of love more true and pure than may elsewhere be found—when suddenly death standeth at the door! the house is hushed, the room is darkened, the parent is no more.

Loving eyes gaze upon some merry-hearted, fair-haired child. They moisten with tenderness whilst watching each grateful attitude, listening to each prattling word, and looking forward to the time when growth shall make the prop strong enough for their declining years. Suddenly the little cheek gets flushed, the breath comes short, the eyes feel heavy, the play ceases, and the cry is heard, "My head! my head!" It lies upon the bosom till eventide, then dies, leaving the

little niche unfilled, the little chair unoccupied, and the wound unhealed perhaps for ever.

The widower mourns over the wife of his bosom, the partner of his joys, the lightener of his cares, the helpmeet whom God gave, the light, grace, and ornament of his house.

The widow misses the strong arm on which she was wont to lean, the loving counsel and protection of him who took her from her home in the bright spring-time of life, and nourished her in his own till shadows lengthened, and leaves fell, and winter came, and she found herself alone in the cold, wide world.

The rich man no longer glories in his riches, for they are gone; nor the wise man in his wisdom, for he is a second time a child; nor the mighty man in his might, for it is perfect weakness.

Discipline is everywhere; and each danger, as it has arisen, has the fitting remedy applied.

Thorns and thistles were beginning to appear, even in the garden of the Lord. Idols were being set up. The world was resuming its power. The craving of the flesh portended danger. The bias was getting wrong. The water was not running clear. Hence the prophet with the *new cruse and the salt*.

It was not what the believer expected. He thought to serve God with a quiet mind in the Gospel of his Son. He thought he knew enough, and loved enough, and lacked nothing. This discipline is strange to him, and not to him only, but often to lookers-on besides. They thought the cruse was for *oil* or *honey*—such oil as Elijah promised when he said, "The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, till the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth;"—such honey as Jeroboam sent to Abijah when he said: "Take with thee ten loaves, and cracknels, and a cruse of honey, and go to him: he shall tell thee what shall become of the child" (1 Kings xiv. 3).

Yes; OIL and HONEY God's people expect—the oil of gladness, the sweetness of meditation; and when these are good for them they are not withholden. But there is more love oftentimes in SALT. It is more purifying, wholesome, invigorating. When cast in, it brings them to a better mind. They see clearer. They feel lighter. They regain their first love. They do their first works. Prayer is no longer hindered. Confession of sin, which had been well-nigh nominal, becomes real once more. Christ is again the Counsellor and Comforter; they trust and love and serve him. He rules even amidst his enemies. Decayed places

are restored. Sentinels are set in dangerous spots. Corruption dies down. Fresh shoots of grace spring up. All is again "love, joy, peace," and the words of the prophet are heard once more—"Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters."

Observe, that for this end the cruse must be new, and the salt good.

1. No bad waters are healed without new cruses. Old cruses carry old flavours: and these do harm. Old things must pass away, and all things become new, if sanctification is to be true and restoration real. Some men mistake here. They make a new profession of religion, and bring all their old sourness into it. The graft takes too much after the stem—there is a taste of the crab in it. They were ill-conditioned, before, and they are ill-conditioned still. They are just as self-willed, just as self-satisfied, just as talkative, just as difficult to please, just as uncharitable, as fault-finding, as quick to perceive the shortcomings of others, as blind to discern their own, as they were before they "professed and called themselves Christians." The old cruse remains, and the old savour clings to it.

If you know of such a one, and have opportunities of communicating with him, either in conversation or in self-communion, say, "*Friend, you have forgotten the new cruse.*"

2. The salt also must be good. It must not have lost its savour. The effect must be perceptible. Men must see a difference in us. They must "take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus."

Some men mistake here also. They make religion a self-indulgent, luxurious matter which will admit of everything. They mingle the church and the world together. In religious matters they are religious; in worldly matters worldly. They shrink from self-denial and from enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. They would always "eat the fat and drink the sweet," and have all their good things in this life. They are friends of Dives, and with him fare sumptuously every day! They forget that religion is a great reality, and that it must do something in us as well as something for us; that every sacrifice must be "salted with salt;" that every bad, corrupt tendency must be changed, and we be made like unto our Lord.

If you know of such a one, and have opportunities of communicating with him, either in conversation or in self-communion, say, "*Friend, you have forgotten the salt.*"

IV.—THE CURE.

Waters healed become blessings to all around. They make pleasant places pleasanter; happy families happier; good husbands better; kind wives kinder; sweet children sweeter; wise

friends wiser. No sooner do we rise to our high calling of God in Christ Jesus—no sooner having "learned Christ," do we desire to serve him—than we find the way of holiness prepared for us to walk in. The spring cleansed, the waters begin to run clear, and cause "no more death or barren land."

This is a gradual process. Sanctification follows after justification. The tree made good, yields good fruit. It is practical and daily work; to be carried on in the household, the counting-house, the warehouse, the workshop, the study, and the vicarage. It has a bearing not only upon our own daily life and conversation, but upon our duty to others. No man liveth to himself. We all have influence more or less, and must use it for good. We may not be prophets, and yet we may have a new cruse and salt; and it is evident, from what has gone before, what great things, with God's blessing, these may do. We may speak a "word in season." We may tell to others what God has done for our souls. We may comfort the mourners in Zion. We may lift up weak hands and confirm feeble knees. We may tell of the sinners' Friend. We may point to the "Lamb of God." We may find our own fellow-sinner, and bring him to Jesus. We may bid Nathanael "COME AND SEE."

What great things these three little words did in the early days of Christianity! They gathered in believers, confessors, apostles, evangelists, and martyrs. They were, in truth, what the new cruse and salt were in the prophet's hand—for the "healing of the waters." All the benevolent institutions which are the glory of our land—all our missionary societies—the hundreds of thousands of children in our schools—all these call for our best and most disinterested efforts. If the evils which sin has caused are to be removed; if idolatry and heathenism and vice are to be destroyed; if our next generation is to be God-fearing, truth-telling, commandment-keeping—then we must cast salt into the spring. If we have got good we must do good; and the simplest means are often the most effectual.

V.—THE LESSONS.

There are three short practical lessons which all will do well to learn. *Come for healing. Submit to discipline. Aim at sanctification.*

1. The healing efficacy of the Gospel is free to all. Grace is like the water of Siloam which flows freely and softly. Only let us watch for the descent of the angel, that we may step in and be healed of whatever disease we have. The acceptable time and the day of salvation for the soul is, not when we have accomplished our pressing worldly objects; not when we have bought our land, or tried our oxen, or married our wife: it is not

when we have leisure, or when friends invite, or when all things seem favourable: but the wall is often "built in troublous times," when clouds are gathering, and cares crowding, and the world frowning, and future plans bewildering. For it is then oftentimes that Christ calls, and grace moves, and conscience speaks, and the heart feels, and the word comes to us in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. That is the favourable time. Then come, and Christ will welcome you, and you shall be his for ever.

2. Submit to this discipline. It will all work eventually for good; all tend to wean you from the world; all certainly endear the rest, the purity, the unsullied happiness, the unceasing song of that bright and better world where they do always

behold the face of our Father in heaven. Listen to the Angel pointing to the white-robed and golden-crowned throng above:—"These are they," he says, "that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb Therefore are they before the throne of God."

3. Aim at sanctification—that real sanctification which the Spirit works in believers; which reaches the heart and regulates the life; and which leads every child of God to put his little feet into the great foot-prints of his Lord. As the merits of Christ give you the title, so this gives the meetness for the inheritance above. For be it ever remembered that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

MILTON.

DIM-EYED, with pallid cheek and chestnut hair,
Sparse silvered o'er his shoulders, garbed
in grey.

With forehead broad declined at close of day,
Anear the window rests he, as the air

From Vesper flaming low through skies of May
Bears off the organ hymn he's ceased to play,
And breathed from woodlands green stirs gently
there

The kingly curtains of his sanctuary.
Thus harmonised to his conceptive mood,
Splendours and terrors, moulding into form
In that inspired darkness, rise and brood,
Sunny with beauty, black with thunderstorm,
Around his soul, sphered mid infinitude—
Olympian summer vapours, rolling white
Beneath the austere summit, lost in light.

T. C. IRWIN.

A FIGHT WITH THE FROST.—I.

SIR JOHN RICHARDSON'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS. BY DORA GREENWELL.

AT the last year's Exhibition of National Portraits at South Kensington, a picture sent there by Mr. Barrow attracted an unusual share of interest and attention. It represented the members of the Arctic Council, met in earnest consultation as to the most probable route to be taken to trace, if possible, the missing ships under Sir John Franklin. This picture, painted at the time when the Admiralty was greatly occupied with this object, contained portraits of Parry, Back, Richardson, and James Ross; and along with these well-known names, awoke in the minds of those who were young in the earlier part of the present century, a vivid recollection of the days when our expeditions in search of the North-west passage contained a spell to charm

"Credulous ears,
And hold young hearts in chains;"

of days when even amid the glow of splendour yet lighting up the fields of our great Continental struggle, and whilst the stormy roll of its battle music had scarcely ceased to vibrate, the pale

northern shooting light of Arctic enterprise had a charm and a glory of its own. The picture in question represents Sir F. Beaufort as presiding at a table strewn over with maps and plans. To one of these Sir John Richardson points, and gives his view as to the route proposed; while Sir F. Beaufort, Captain Hamilton, General Sabine, and Mr. John Barrow listen to him with profound attention. Sir James Ross, and Captain Bird also stand near in a listening attitude, while Sir Edward Parry also points to the map which Sir George Back is holding. Richardson's opinion is evidently considered of great importance—an importance due to his close intimacy with Franklin, and to the fact being known that Franklin had consulted *him* especially as to the route he intended to pursue, before he started on this last expedition. Richardson's opinion, which the events bore out, had always been that Franklin would adhere to the plan, which he had formed before starting, of taking the more southerly route, rather than attempting the Wellington Channel, which some thought a likely course for him to follow.



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"Dim-eyed, with pallid cheek and chestnut hair,
Sparse silvered o'er his shoulders, garbed in grey."—p. 616.

Sir John Richardson's long, useful, and honoured life, which closed on the 5th of June, 1865, began at Dumfries, on the 5th of November, 1787, under auspices of the kindest nature. The already published memoir of him,* tells us of a boyhood passed among bright and cheerful surroundings, under the care of a father who was beloved and respected by all, and of a mother to whose vigorous understanding, and clear, independent judgment he was indebted for an excellent training in the earliest years of life. At this time he is spoken of as a "stout, self-reliant, pleasant-looking boy, of a retiring nature, always ready to do what he could for others, and carefully avoiding giving any one pain."

It is interesting to know that at this time the poet Burns, who, it will be remembered, spent the last years of his life at Dumfries, was intimate with the Richardson family, and for about six years was in the habit of spending a few hours of each Sunday evening at their house. John was a little boy of six when the poet pointed out to him the paraphrases he most admired, and set him some favourite verses to learn by heart as his Sunday task. Two years after this, he and young Burns, the poet's eldest son, a boy of rare intellectual promise, excelling in narrative and recitation, entered the Dumfries Grammar-school on the same day. The two boys were passionately fond of ballad poetry. Spenser's "Faery Queen" too, borrowed from Robert Burns, became an especial favourite with John Richardson, who retained through his whole life a deep impression of these early days, and remained, from youth to old age, the ardent, devoted admirer of the great genius whose bright smile and flashing eye had captivated his boyish fancy. His memory was stored with the best poems and songs of Burns, which rose readily to his lips whenever his feelings were touched, either by what was pathetic, or humorous; and we are told that "they cheered him with thoughts of home while pacing the deck during his life at sea, and afterwards amidst the deep solitude and gloom of the North American forests."

He decided on the medical profession, and began his studies for it, at Edinburgh, in his fourteenth year, being even then a conscientious student, with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, which he sought to gratify at every available spring, attending chemical lectures, delighting in the study of Greek, and, as he grew a few years older, reading extensively on the most varied subjects. This absorbing love of study was, however, fortunately balanced by a delight in Nature and in open-air exercise, which sent him forth, either alone or in company with a friend, on long afternoon spring-holiday excursions, among the

beautiful environs of Edinburgh. In his maturer days he might truly say—

"I have now of longer journeys
O'er rougher roads, to tell."

But he well loved to recall the memory of those happy and healthy hours of student life, spent in rambling up the glens of the Esk, or in crossing the Pentland, Braid, and Blackford Hills, or in traversing the shore between Musselburgh and Granton. These fair scenes would probably return upon his mental eye in hours spent among aspects of Nature so savage and desolate, that, as a great writer of our day expresses himself,* in speaking not of Arctic but of Alpine solitudes and snows, "when we are among them, not only human life but *spiritual life itself* seems to have ceased and become extinct."

The first eight or nine years of his professional career were spent in the service of the Royal Navy, for, being the eldest of twelve children, he felt drawn to it under the expectation that it would make him independent and self-supporting at a more early period of life, than he could expect in the uncertainties of general medical practice at home. He also looked to opportunities of study, and of becoming acquainted with various countries—hopes which naval service at that time realised in a very small degree; and his disappointment in respect to opportunities of improvement was felt keenly. He made the most, however, of all available openings for culture, was rapidly promoted, and formed many valuable and lasting friendships. After the publication of his memoir, Lady Richardson received a letter from one of his old messmates of the *Nymph* in 1808, saying: "I still remember with pleasure the walks which, when I was upon watch, Richardson and I used to have together on the quarter-deck. He had then a sterling and even stern regard for religious and moral truth, and would sometimes rebuke me for a tendency to speculate on such matters."

Before the peace of 1815, he had seen a good deal of active service, both in our expedition against Denmark, in the blockade of the Tagus, and in various other naval engagements connected with our great national struggle with the First Napoleon. The winter of 1813-14 gave him a short interval of home life, with that opportunity for quiet study which was at all times so welcome to him. At this time he seems to have thought of settling to general practice in the country, but although he had no especial love for a sea-life, many circumstances made him reluctant to abandon his connection with the navy; and perhaps more powerfully than by any outward circumstance, he was influenced by that innate love of enterprise and adventure, the old Viking element, inherited from our Scandinavian forefathers, which

* "The Life of Sir John Richardson." By the Rev. John McIlraith. Longman, Green, and Co., 1868.

* Ruskin.

wherever it exists strongly, begets a distaste for the prospect of

"A set grey life and apathetic end."

Young Richardson succeeded in being appointed surgeon to the 1st Battalion of Royal Marines, then serving in Canada; and in the summer of 1815 he found himself at Halifax, Quebec, and Cumberland Island, in the neighbourhood of the vast partially-explored region stretching back till it reaches the barrier of everlasting ice, with "its gates shut in by no bars," in which in after days he was to encounter so many perils and win so much renown. The powerful attraction which drew him at all times towards the extreme North, probably even then made itself felt, for though, after his return to England, he married and began to practise as a physician in Leith, he was not long in accepting a commission from the Admiralty, appointing him surgeon and naturalist to the Overland Expedition to the Polar Sea, about to be undertaken under Franklin's auspices, with the object of determining the north-east boundary of the American continent.

"We have now," to quote once more from the memoir, "come to the time when Dr. Richardson became connected with those expeditions to the Arctic American coast, during which were brought out so prominently the high sense of honour, bravery, self-denial, patient endurance, loving tenderness—especially to the weak—and firm faith in God's goodness, for which he was remarkable."

Here, too, he whom we have known as a stout, self-reliant, pleasant-looking boy—an energetic, studious youth, hungering and thirsting after knowledge—is to come before us under a new phase, and appear as the hero of one of those terrible narratives, in which humanity, exposed to the fierce extremes of cold, hunger, and actual despair, reveals fresh aspects both of grandeur and feebleness, and is, as it were, transfigured through misery itself.

And here, perhaps, it will not be out of place to allude to the interest which, about this time, the subject of Arctic enterprise excited in the public mind, and to advert to the exertions made by the English Government to extend our knowledge of the Arctic seas, with the view of discovering a passage between the North Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. "From the time of Cook till 1817," says Sir John Richardson (writing in 1861), "England has been quiescent in the search for a North-west passage, until Captain Scoresby, the able and scientific master of a whaler, published his account of the Greenland seas, and drew the attention of Europe to that quarter, and Sir John Barrow, then Secretary to the Admiralty, by his writings and personal influence, roused the British Government to undertake a new series of enterprises, on a scale commen-

surate with modern improvements in shipbuilding and in the art of navigation."

The idea of the practicability of such a passage was of no recent date in the national mind, and could be traced back to the days when the Cabots—a Venetian family settled at Bristol, in the reign of Henry VII.—sailed from thence under letters patent granted by that king, guided by the very aim with which, much about the same time, Christopher Columbus started from Genoa—that of so reaching India and "Cathay," the land of fabulous wealth which lay beyond it towards the extreme East. The Cabots discovered the Island of Newfoundland, and also, it is now generally supposed, the coast of Labrador. In a letter to the English Ambassador at Madrid, written by Master Robert Thorne, we are told, on the authority of his father, "a merchant of Bristowe," and of Hugh Eliot, adventurers in Cabot's fleet, that if the mariners would then have been ruled and followed their pilot's minde, the lands of the West Indies, from whence all the golde cometh, had been ours. *For all is one coast, as by the card now appeareth.*"* Thorne addressed a declaration to Henry VIII., exhorting that monarch to send a naval armament to the North, which he states to be the only way of discovery yet remaining to be tried, other princes having preoccupied the southern, western and eastern routes. He concludes, in one of his letters, urging this subject in words which after events have made remarkable:—"Nowe then, if from the sayde new found landes the sea be navigable, there is no doubt, but sayling northwarde and passing the pole, descending to the equinoctial line, we shall hitte these islands (the Spice Islands), and it should bee the much shorter way than either the Spaniards or the Portuguese have I judge there is no lande uninhabitable, nor sea innavigable. So that if I had facultie to my will, it would bee the first thing that I would understande, even to attempt if our seas northwarde be navigable to the pole or no." This attempt, renewed from time to time under Frobisher, Davis, Hudson,† and Baffin, fell always

* The "card" referred to is a map made by Thorne himself, and sent, in 1527, to Dr. Ley, the ambassador to Spain, from Henry VIII. A copy of it is preserved in the reprint of "Divers Voyages," published by the Hakluyt Society. In it a deep inlet is shown on the American shore, about the forty-fourth parallel of latitude, and another about the fifty-fourth, beyond which the coast-line, stretching directly northwards, is designated "Nova terra Laboratorum ab Anglis primum inventa." The delineation of the coast extends to the Straits of Magellan, and Terra del Fuego is expanded to a large Southern continent.

† Hudson twice attempted to make out the North-west passage—once in 1607, and again in 1610, when in the *Discovery*, of fifty-five tons, he sailed upon the last of his voyages, marked, like all his preceding ones, by bold adventure and daring nautical skill. The bright hopes of which his journal tells us—his desire and intention of sailing a hundred leagues, either into Lumley's Inlet or into the Furious Overfall, so to seek a passage into the North-west; his sights of the Champagne Land, covered with snow, and of the island which he called "Desire

short of its proposed aim, the actual crossing through into the Pacific, yet realised great things,

Provoketh;" his sailing west-south-west into a roat whirling sea—come to an abrupt close when, on the 3rd of August of that year, his journal ceases. The tragic ending of his career is told by Abacuk Prikett, who states that after sailing for three months in a labyrinth of islands, they were frozen in on the 10th of November, in the south-east corner of James's Bay. Dissensions had early in the voyage sprung up among the crew, some of whom were men of evil passions, and in the June following a mutiny was brought to a head under the leadership of Robert Juet and Henry Greene, the latter a prodigal and profligate man, who had been rescued from utter ruin by the kindness of Hudson. On the 21st of the month Hudson was seized by the conspirators, bound, and driven with his young son into the shallop. The carpenter, John King, whose name ought to be held in everlasting remembrance, made a determined resistance, but being overcome, he leapt into the shallop, resolved to share the fate of his master. Six sick and infirm men were also forced into the boat, which was then cut adrift. None of the party thus inhumanly abandoned were ever heard of again; but retribution speedily overtook the leading mutineers, who were slain in an assault of the Eskimos, at Cape Digges, after suffering greatly from famine. The survivors reached England under the care of Bylot, afterwards celebrated as a pilot.

both as to the commercial enterprises it founded in the establishment of whale-fisheries, and also in the extension of geographical and scientific knowledge. Yet another illustrious name is connected with this cherished national project—that of the great navigator Cook, who undertook his third and last voyage, at the request of the Earl of Sandwich, mainly for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not a passage were to be found between the Northern Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. His careful examination of the American coast from the fifty-eighth parallel of latitude northwards, proved that there was no passage below Icy Cape, which was the limit of his voyage within Behring's Straits. His failure to find a passage, combined with that of Phipps in the Spitzbergen seas, satisfied the Admiralty of that day, and for forty years the North-west passage was unheard of in the Government bureaux, until the long-dormant interest in it was re-awakened at the time with which we are now occupied.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—V.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S.

OF LIFE'S END.



It is but a fool who forgetteth how soon he will come to be forgotten,
Forgotten even while he liveth, if absence imitate the death;
He hath made small progress in experience whose trust is fixed even on his nearest.
Or is stayed by the staff of gratitude, or repositeth upon family affection:

The world can do without us, and the place we fill on earth

Is soon felt wanted for some other, and we have lived too long:

Wave leapeth over wave, as owner ousteth owner,
And each and all make instant speed, to break on death's rough beach.

Thy son, eager for his projects, gladly shall obliterate thy schemes,

That gay young heir hath much to do, with little time for doing;

The old man sowed his whims, the young one must uproot them,

And so, in slow revenge, he sternly changeth all things;

The copse of thy planting shall be grubbed, thy pond must be filled in,

This road be turned and widened, that wing be taken down,

That so thy son may make a mark on his brief day of power,

And prove, O doting father, how soon thou art forgotten.

Thy dearest friend will scantily sigh, "Poor fellow, he is gone!"

Thy children in their decent black will secretly feel freer,

The place, that knew thee well, shall know thee now no more,

A billow broken on the rocks not more entirely shattered.

Even thy tokens of honour, yea, the choicest archives of thy fame,

Shall come to be tossed about by strangers, sold a broker's bargain;

Traders shall publicly appraise thy treasured household secrets,

And mean sharp eyes and cold hard hands pollute thy sacred things;

While the world will merrily wag on, and all these friends and neighbours,

Even to thy nearest and thy dearest, shall soon be well content to have thee gone!

He is but a poor weak soul, who hath not full resources in himself,

Yea, in himself and in his God, for life and immortality:

Conscience of good for all the past, trustful love for all the present,

Hope for all the future, these shall build him up sublime:

However friends neglect, or kith and kin forget him, He is independent of them all, a king above the world;

Yea, let the mountains be dissolved, let earth be rocked in ruins,

The good man standeth calm and strong, for God is his ally,

With calm retrospect of labours, and glad prospect
of rewards,

And precious memories and great hopes, to strengthen
and to cheer him.

Far out of bad men's reach, and all those storms
past by,

Thou art at length a freedman, emancipate from sin;
Lets and hindrances forgotten, it is thine to will
and do,

And thou art safe from tyrannies, for all their rage
and envy;

Come to be the king of some bright world, with
loving spirits round thee,

And all things new and beauteous near, and evil old
things gone,

Nor sin, nor guilt, nor care—no pain, no fear, no
sorrow,

And only rest and love and certain happiness and
glory!

What matter for all perils past? thou hast escaped
the fowler,

The prison-door is opened and thy soul set free from
earth;

What matter even for the loves of those who soon
forgot thee?

They scarcely felt their loss, they scantily guess thy
gain.

If only life and heart and mind have innocent been
and useful,

Thou art thine own best friend, thy truest self-
consoler:

But if thy bosom's inmate hath been sly and secret vice,
Thou livest thine own surest foe, the subtlest and
the worst:

And when the bad man dieth, all his sins rise up
against him,

Clamouring at his memory with imprecated judg-
ments;

But when the good departeth, all his noble deeds
Surround him like a cloud of light to sphere his soul
in glory:

And sorrowing fond remembrance then shall linger
round his loss,

And some good son or daughter will never cease to
mourn him,

And friends, known better if unseen, without one
fleshly taint,

Friends of the mind and of the spirit, still shall
esteem him kindly.

Roman Horace triumphed in not all of me shall perish;
Tuscan Ennius lived with joy upon the mouths of men;

And equally the Christian with the Pagan is happy
in such promise of affection,

For, love from even strangers is a comfort to his soul.

Let no man desire for himself to live to an extreme
old age,

New generations round him, with whom he hath no
sympathies,

Let no man pray for longer life than is our common lot,
Nor seek in breathing death to be a ghost of times
gone by.

For, tended with whatever kindness and however
stayed,

Still it were a sadness to be sure, thou weariest those
who serve thee;

And, if unkindly left alone with mercenary helpers,
It were a solitude indeed, and better to be gone:

And many pains and weaknesses, and many saddest
memories,

And bitter crops from ancient sins must hedge old
age with thorns.

At night, tired with day labour, how much we long
for sleep,

And it were a sorry kindness to keep the weary
wakeful:

So when the work of life is done, and the hour for
departure groweth timely,

It were an evil mercy to snatch the old from alumber:
Miracles of prayer should not be worked to make old
age grow older,

But only for the younger sort, with life-work un-
fulfilled:

So it may suffice thee well to say, "I have lived and
worked my hour,"—

If only one, have laboured well, and lived a duteous
life:

For here we crawl awhile, and feed, and weave a
little web,

Anon, when chrysalised in death, to be our strait cocoon:
For each man's works that follow him, do clothe him
in their meshes,

He hath wrought out for himself his robe of shame
or honour.

And further on in time, at fulness and at ripeness,
Those cerements will be burst and the soul shall
speed unhackled,

(If no ichneumon-evil shall have dropped its egg
within

To hatch and grow and gnaw the conscience then for
ever and ever)—

Flying from star to star, as if from flower to flower,
And culling nectar in all worlds of love and praise
to God:

Thus, with life-work done, it were a blessedness to die,
And welcome to each faithful servant is the end of life.

The End of Life?—O not the end! say rather its
beginning;

The end of pain and care and sin, but not the end
of life:

For life is the infinite commencement of a being
still to be

When countless ages shall have dimmed Orion of
his brightness,

The flowing of a Nile that hath its mountain source
in God,

Speeding ever onward through the ocean of Existence.

BRAVE LISETTE.

WHAT are you pulling down all the blinds for, Lisette? It's so dark, and I love the sun so; do put them up again, dear."

"Hush—hush! my little Zenaïde," answered the sad-looking elder sister, drawing the little sombre-clad figure into her fond embrace, and bending over the golden tinged curls to hide her fast-falling tears.

"But, Lisette, papa said you were to let me be always in the sunshine," grumbled Zenaïde.

"Yes, dear; but now dear papa is dead, and we are so sorry that we shall never see him again, we do not wish for the bright, happy sunshine to make us feel more sad," answered Lisette, expressing her own feelings more than answering Zenaïde.

"It wouldn't make me feel more sad," muttered the child, with a shade of ill-temper on her face; but Zenaïde happening to look up and catch sight of Lisette's tears, she was in a moment all penitence.

"Never mind, Lisette dear, don't cry, and I won't be tiresome any more," she exclaimed, putting up her face to receive Lisette's kiss of forgiveness.

Lisette was accustomed to a life of self-denial, and though her inclination tempted her to indulge in the sorrow that had fallen upon her, she resolutely forced back her tears, and, taking little Zenaïde in her arms, she sat down by the fire, and began singing to the child to beguile the weary hours.

"Tell me a pretty story, Lisy dear," said Zenaïde, after some little time.

Zenaïde's wishes were almost like laws to Lisette. In fact, they had been with all the family, for every one seemed to take a delight in pleasing the fragile little child, whose very existence, as it were, depended on the care and comfort with which she was surrounded.

"Once upon a time," began Lisette, "there lived a very beautiful and good lady, and a kind, good gentleman, her husband. They lived in a pretty house in a beautiful warm country, and had all sorts of nice things, for they were very rich. They had one daughter and one son, a very little fellow. One day when the lady and her little daughter were taking a walk, the little girl noticed that her mamma was crying. At this the little girl was very sad, and begged her mamma to tell her what was the matter. Then the lady told her little girl that they would have to leave their pleasant home, and the pretty fields and lanes that they were so fond of, and go right away to a strange place where they would have no friends, and live in a very little house indeed, all because of a wicked man who had managed to get all the gentleman's money. Of course the little girl felt very sad at this, for she felt sorry to part with all her pretty toys, and books, and many other nice

things, but she was more grieved than all at seeing her mamma so sorrowful; so the lady tried to cheer her up, and kiss the tears away. Not very long after that the lady and gentleman, with their little son and daughter, left their pretty home, and went over the sea in a ship till they came to another land, where the sun was not so warm and bright, and where there was not a quarter so many pretty flowers as in their own land. They lived in a very small house, and the little girl had no pretty toys like she had had before, and the lady had to work very hard to help to get money, or else the family would have had nothing to eat. The little girl, too, had to stay away from school in order to help her mamma, for they had no servant. After a little while the lady became very ill, and then the poor little children were in great distress indeed, for they had no one to take care of them, and sometimes they were so hungry that they could hardly help crying. By degrees the poor lady got worse, till at last she died, leaving her daughter a very little sister to take care of. After the poor lady was dead, the gentleman managed to get a little money, so that the children were not so often hungry as they had been before, and then, after a time, the little boy was sent to school, but the daughter could not go because she had her little sister and her father to take care of. For a few years they all lived together very happily, and the lady's little daughter, who was getting rather a big girl now, would tell her little sister all about her mamma, who had gone to live with God and his angels. They would have been very happy indeed then, but their papa fell very ill, and by-and-by he, too, went to live with God, leaving his little children very, very sad indeed."

"Why, Lisette!" exclaimed Zenaïde, starting up, "wasn't that lady my mamma, and their little daughter you, and the little sister me?"

"Yes, dear," answered Lisette, through her tears.

"I like your story very much," said Zenaïde, kissing Lisette.

Lisette gathered up the little creature closer to her, and began singing in a low tone. In a few minutes the child was fast asleep, and Lisette, having placed her carefully on the sofa, and covered her over with an old shawl, stole quietly out of the room to prepare the tea.

The tea was standing waiting on the table, and Zenaïde's bread-and-milk was steaming away, when the door opened softly, and a pale, thoughtful-looking boy entered. He looked tired and dispirited, and he turned away from Lisette's inquiring glance, as if he had no good news to impart.

"Your tea is waiting, dear," Lisette said kindly, going up to her brother and taking from him his hat and comforter.

"Well, what success, Paul?" asked Lisette, when they were all seated at the table, and Paul had in some measure alleviated his hunger.

"None whatever," answered Paul, sadly. "The old man would not hear of my becoming one of his assistants, and rudely accused me of want of respect to the memory of my dear father, in letting my face be seen so soon after his death. He forgets that the poor may not indulge in those forms unless they wish to starve."

"Well, dear, we are not in immediate want," answered Lisette, cheerfully.

Paul did not reply, but sat looking thoughtfully into the fire, and Lisette, too, was very quiet, for she had a project in her head.

After the tea-things had been cleared away, and Zenaïde had been got to sleep, Lisette came and sat down by Paul for the purpose of consulting with him.

"What have you there, Paul?" asked Lisette, as Paul hastily closed a large portfolio he had in his hands.

"They are my mother's paintings," answered Paul.

"And you were thinking of selling them," said Lisette, somewhat sternly, for the boy's abashed appearance led her to suspect that this idea had taken hold of his mind.

The boy spoke out fearlessly, for, whatever his faults might be, he was always fearlessly ingenuous. "I took them to Mr. Rogers, and he said they were beautiful, and would sell well. He would have put them in the window for me, but I would not let him do so without consulting you."

"Paul—Paul! how could you have done it?" exclaimed Lisette, sorrowfully. "You need never ask me to part with my mother's paintings."

"You are foolish, Lisette," answered Paul, somewhat angrily. "If we have five pounds, it is as much as we have, and my father's funeral will cost something, apart from the many bills that there are to be paid."

"Hush, Paul!" said Lisette, the ready tears beginning to fall freely.

"Why are we so miserably poor?" exclaimed Paul, angrily. "My mother was a good woman, and my father was an upright man, and yet we are dragged down and crushed by this curse of poverty."

"Hush, Paul!" answered Lisette; "you do not know what you are saying. It may be sent for a blessing."

"I should like to hear you prove that," said Paul, with a bitter laugh, as he quitted the room.

Lisette, by a great effort, roused herself from the apathy of grief into which she was falling. She recognised the necessity for a great exertion, if she were to save herself and those other two dearer ones from absolute starvation. On this interview between Paul and his former master she had placed great hopes. Before her father's death the old man had declared to Paul his need of an assistant master, and

Paul, whose education was remarkably good, having been a favourite with his master, had ventured to apply for the situation. The old man agreed to take him, but refused to pay him anything for his services, whereupon Paul, who had heard him mention a good sum as the salary he intended to give, and considering this treatment highly unjust, refused to accede to his terms, and indignantly quitted his presence.

Now that this had failed, Lisette turned her mind to thinking of how she could gain a competent income. A school was the first thought, but that was as quickly dismissed, for she knew but few people, and with those few she was not a favourite. The proud Frenchman had held himself aloof from the people with whom he had been obliged to live, but with whom he had nothing in common, and they had been only too ready to resent the pride for which their indiscriminating eyes could see no reason. This, therefore, was not to be thought of, and it was impossible for her to leave home even for a short period during the day. She was very skilful with her needle, both at dressmaking and plain needlework, and she was also an adept at many kinds of fancy work. She resolved, therefore, that she would lose no time, but on the morrow commence her search for work. It would be an untruth to say that she came to this conclusion cheerfully. The work was very obnoxious to her, and she had to swallow a little remaining lump of pride before she could bring herself to it; but hers was a brave heart and a strong will, and having satisfied her judgment that her determination was a good one, she sat down to write out a list of what she professed to do, with the prices, that she might leave at the principal shops.

This little business, which had taken some time to arrange satisfactorily, being completed, Lisette set to work to prepare a little dainty for Paul's supper—only a few baked potatoes, yet such was the poverty to which they had become inured, that this unpretentious dish could be ill afforded. When these preparations were completed, and everything had been attended to, Lisette went up-stairs in search of Paul. The door of his room was locked, and Lisette had to knock some time before she could obtain admittance. The moon was at its full, and, although there was no candle in the room, every object was as clearly visible as in the daytime. Lisette noticed that Paul looked flurried, and seemed scarcely to thank her for her visit to his room, which, coupled with the locked door, made her feel anxious; for Paul was a strange lad, and old far beyond his years.

Lisette's heart misgave her when she was once more alone, for Paul, with scant courtesy, had asked her to leave him alone. She felt that if she lost Paul's confidence, she should lose her only chance of giving him that counsel of which his impetuous nature made him so frequently stand in need.

The next day Lisette kept to her resolution of

seeking work, with but, however, qualified success. At the shops they could not give her work, but several promised to recommend her to their customers, and one even gave her introductions to several ladies whom they thought might employ her. It was by this time too late to call at people's houses, so Lisette was forced unwillingly to leave it till the morrow.

When Lisette arrived at home, Paul was again locked up in his own room, to which he this time refused her admittance, and Lisette set about her duties with an anxious heart.

After an hour or two it was with a feeling of delight that she heard Paul say to her, "Will you come with me, Lisette, I have something to show you?"

She was only too glad to obey, and be allowed to follow Paul into the sacred precincts of his chamber. It was another moonlight night, and the room was illumined as beautifully as when Lisette had last been there. On the wall, directly opposite the window, a large newspaper was hung up. Paul instructed Lisette to stand at some distance from the mysteriously covered wall; he then lifted up the paper.

Lisette stood and gazed as one entranced. From the white background there stood out, in life-like semblance, the features of their dead mother. Lisette was, as it were, thunderstruck; she could only weep and beg Paul's forgiveness for her unjust and cruel suspicions; and when Paul placed his arm affectionately round her neck, and asked her opinion of his drawing, she could only exclaim in wondering admiration, "You will be a great artist some day, Paul."

"These were my materials," said Paul, laughingly, holding up a lump of chalk and a piece of charcoal; "but I mean in the future to get better ones, and work hard till I become, as you say, a great painter."

"But what made you try this?" asked Lisette, wonderingly. "I never saw you attempt anything one-half so ambitious before."

"No," answered Paul, "I did not know what I could do till I tried. It was the price that Mr. Rogers told me my dear mother's paintings were worth, that made me think how grand it would be to be an artist; and I resolved that I would try her portrait, and if I succeeded in it, take it as an omen of future success, and if I failed, as a sign that I should never earn my salt at it."

It would take too much time to dwell on Paul's repeated failures during the next few years. When he was himself satisfied sufficiently to offer a picture for sale, the various persons to whom he took it were not sufficiently pleased with it to purchase it, and Paul was obliged to swallow down his mortification

and go back with his dismal story to poor hard-worked Lisette.

But at last he came home one night with his hands empty, but something unusually heavy in his pocket. Lisette could see at once from his face the good fortune that had befallen Paul, and if she had any doubts, they were set at rest when Paul said, "If it had not been for my good Lisette, I should never have achieved this success."

But in return, Lisette put her arm round him affectionately, and said, "If it had not been for this poverty, which you have so often called a curse, you would, probably, never have discovered your genius, dear Paul."

And Paul, kissing Lisette, answered, "You are right, dear Lisette, and what I thought was a curse, I now see was my greatest blessing."

L. M. CARLESS.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

273. How many passages are there in the New Testament in which the first eleven chapters of Genesis are quoted or made a ground of argument?

274. How did our Lord show that ritual observances ought to give place to moral duties?

275. How was Gen. xxv. 23 subsequently fulfilled in the history of Edom and Israel?

276. Of what was the laver in the tabernacle made?

277. Who was the youngest of the patriarchs?

278. What wisdom may we trace in the longevity of the first ten patriarchs?

279. Prove this from Scripture.

280. With how many members of the race before him was it *thus* possible for Noah to converse, as well as with how many generations after him?

281. Which was the first sermon delivered by man, and how does it resemble the modern style of discourse?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 591.

264. Achan "took of the accursed thing" (Josh. vii. 1).

265. At the time of judgment. Adam and Eve (Gen. iii.); Achan (Josh. vii. 20, 21); Saul (1 Sam. xiii. 11; xv. 24; Rom. xiv. 11).

266. Horses were only used in the early ages for war, and were forbidden to the Israelites on this account (Deut. xvii. 16; Josh. xi. 9); Solomon (2 Chron. i. 16, 17; ix. 28).

267. Caleb's request for Hebron (Josh. xiv. 6).

268. Samson's strength lay not in his hair, but was connected with his peculiar relation to God as a Nazarite (Judg. xiii. 5; xvi. 17).